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"DEWEY."

I saw a sweet young mother with Her first born at her breast; "And what's the baby's name?" I asked Of her so richly blessed. She looked at me with pity, as She proudly poised her head: "We call him Dewey, sir, of course," In tender tones, she said. I met a dainty little girl Who led a kitten by a string, And as I stroked her head I asked: "What do you call the pretty thing?" She looked at me with wide blue eyes, And as she went her way, "I call my kitten Dewey, sir," I heard her sweetly say. I met a curly headed boy Who had a brindle pup; "And what's your doggy's name I asked As I held the creature up. He gazed at me in wonder, and He proudly cocked his head: "I call him Dewey, sir, of course," He piteously said. I stopped beside a rustic stile, And heard a milkmaid sing a song; "And what's your bossy's name?" I asked The lassie as she came along. She looked at me in mild surprise, And as she strode away, "Why, Dewey is her name, of course," I heard the maiden say.

RAILROAD TIES.

A fact of some interest in railroad construction is the great diversity in the number of ties used to the mile on different lines, as well as in the size and quality of timber. Thus, according to the construction details of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railway, the number of ties used on that line is 2,800 to the mile, three-quarters of these being chestnut and one-quarter oak, while some roads use 2,000 only, or 2,500 to the mile. More than 60 per cent. of the ties are cut 8 feet long, 11 per cent. 9 feet and the rest 8 1/2 feet long; the nine foot ties are used chiefly by the southern and gulf group of railroads, where pine timber is very abundant and cheap. The New England roads have their ties cut from five to six inches in thickness, while the southern roads seem to prefer seven inch ties; the width of the ties likewise varies from five to six inches in New England to eight inches in the central, northern and the southern roads.—New York Sun.

GREATLY NEGLECTED.

The law as to the duty of supervisors in Pennsylvania in the matter of erecting and maintaining guide posts or finger boards at the junctions of public highways is: The supervisors shall cause posts to be erected at the intersection of all public roads within the respective townships (where trees are not convenient) with boards firmly fixed thereon, and index hand pointing to the direction of such roads, on which boards shall be inscribed in large and legible characters the name of the town, village, or place to which such roads may lead, and the distance computed in miles. If any supervisor shall, after ten days' personal notice, neglect to put up or keep in repair, index boards as aforesaid, such supervisor shall for every such offense forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding \$10. Constables are required by law to make a sworn statement to each court of quarter sessions, stating whether or not all index boards are up, reporting particularly any that are not up.

There are a number of school children running the streets, whose parents should be made to suffer the penalties of the compulsory school law, because of their non-compliance with its provisions. One or two prosecutions will have a salutary effect upon violators of the law.

KILLED HERSELF IN McKEESPORT.

Miss Grace Gassart, a Former Everett Girl, Fired a Bullet into Her Head, Had Consulted a Fortune Teller.

The Pittsburg Post of the 12th, inst., gives the following account of the suicide by shooting, of Miss Grace Gassart, who formerly resided in Everett:

What a fortune teller told 16-year-old Grace Gassart, of McKeesport, worried her. She killed herself last night at the home of a family with whom she had been living. She was pretty, and apparently happy until a few days ago when she consulted a clairvoyant. After that a pall seemed to settle over her. She grew despondent, and when the opportunity presented itself fired a bullet through her heart. She left a note to her sister in which she said she had gone to join her dead mother.

The life of Grace has not been the happiest, although she was of a jolly disposition, as girls of 16 usually are. Her pleasant manners and sweet face interested ex-Chief of Police Joseph Stone. He thought that if Grace was placed under the proper influences she would become a woman any man might be proud of. He secured her a position at the home of George Spindler. Here Grace was very happy and contented until she consulted the fortune teller.

Just what the fortune teller told her she did not reveal. It must have been some awful fate was hanging over her by the way she acted afterward. Whether this or not Grace was continually speaking of her dead mother after the fatal visit. She never mentioned killing herself. There is no doubt that she had contemplated it. She says so in her last message. During all of Saturday Grace was more depressed than usual. She scarcely spoke to anyone around in the house, and said she wanted to be alone. The opportunity she long had sought came to her Saturday evening shortly after the supper hour.

Going upstairs she saw the room door of Harry Meckling, a boarder, ajar. She knew that Meckling kept a revolver in his room. She went in and closed the door. To find the revolver required but an instant. Then she wrote her last message. It was to her sister, Mrs. Ella Slack. At the time of the tragedy she was attending a performance in White's opera house. The note read:

"ELLA—When you read this I will be with my mother. I am tired of this life for more reasons than one, so I have decided to kill myself. I have been trying to find a chance to do it for a month or more, but this is the first chance I had. Let Edith take her choice of anything she wants of mine. The rest is yours, all except one picture of myself, that is for father. Tell him my last thought on earth was for him. Bury me beside my mother.

Your unhappy sister, GRACE."

After penning this message, which was found on a table near her body, Grace prepared for her passage from this world to another. She unfastened her clothing and placed the muzzle of Meckling's revolver right over her heart. Then she pulled the trigger. The bullet went crashing through on its mission of death. Her aim was good. Grace dropped heavily on the floor.

The noise of her fall and the report of the revolver attracted Mrs. Spindler. She rushed frantically to the room. There on the floor lay Grace, her life-blood gushing away. One or two pathetic moans, a few spasmodic movements of the limbs and it was all over. Grace Gassart had died and taken her secret with her.

Mrs. Spindler at once gave the alarm. The sister of the dead girl at the opera house was called. When she arrived the body had been removed to McKinley's morgue. She followed it. The sight that met the gaze of the on-lookers as she threw her arms around the corpse of her dead sister was a pathetic one. It was with difficulty that she was dragged away. She refused to be consoled. It was sometime before she could be convinced that Grace was really dead and that it was not all a horrible nightmare.

PENNSYLVANIA HISTORY FIRST.

At the county institute at Huntingdon last week in a talk on history Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh said—

"It is a shame to teach the Pennsylvania boys and girls the history of the Boston 'Tea Party' until after we have taught them the history of our own, for the first protest against the landing of a taxed tea was instituted by William Bradford, of Philadelphia, against a cargo of tea which was then lying in the mouth of the Delaware, while the second protest was made by the people of Southern New Jersey, where they burned a whole cargo of British taxed tea. Before the Boston Indians acted, they sent Paul Revere to Philadelphia to get a copy of Bradford's resolutions. After they saw these resolutions, they did in Indian disguise what our people had done openly. Speaking of great rides, the poet tells us that the great ride of the revolution was 'Paul Revere's Ride.' This is a mistake, for that ride of over eighty miles from southern Delaware by Caesar Rodney for the purpose of voting for the Declaration of Independence, was a greater and one of more momentous import. It was to make the Declaration possible. Here the teachers were informed how Franklin managed to get a majority of Pennsylvania's Representatives to vote for the Declaration, by keeping away those opposed. Huntingdon county was represented in that meeting by James Wilson, who voted for the Declaration. He was afterward the first man to be placed on the supreme bench by Washington.

"Original Pennsylvania 'grit' was pictured by relating how one of General Wayne's sons carried his father's bones across the wilderness from Lake Erie, where he had been temporarily buried, to Delaware county on an old two-wheeled 'gig.' Here the story of the murdered Hartman family was retold, showing how mother and daughter were afterwards reunited by the singing of a hymn. This address covered many facts of Pennsylvania history, only a few of which we have written here."

PAID BY UNCLE SAM.

Every one knows that it costs almost \$400,000,000 a year to run the United States government in time of peace and that the department of war and the navy, the Indian and pension bureaus absorb the larger part of this amount, but in the course of years a large number of dependents upon Uncle Sam's purse have come into being of which the general public knows little.

Such, for example, are the international bureau for the repression of the African slave trade, located at Brussels, a highly laudable institution, to the expenses of which our government contributes \$100 a year; the international bureau of weights and measures, also at Brussels, to which \$2,270 is contributed, and the international Geodetic association, the expenses of which our government shares to the extent of \$1,500 yearly.

As a leading member of a group of nations specially interested in humane and philanthropic work we subscribe \$325 a year to a lighthouse service on the coast of Morocco, about \$1,500 to be divided among citizens of other lands for service rendered to shipwrecked American seamen, \$500 a year toward maintaining a hospital for sailors at Panama and \$9,000 for keeping and feeding American convicts imprisoned in foreign countries.

Among the unfamiliar purposes in the home country for which money is appropriated from the federal treasury is the maintenance of the Washington monument, costing \$11,520 annually, and the provision of artificial limbs for soldiers calling for \$547,000.

Charley, dear, said young Mrs. Torkins, the baby is trying to talk again. It's wonderful how he takes after you!

What was he talking about? I think it must have been politics. He started very calmly, but in a few minutes he was as angry and red in the face as could be.

THE DECOY OX OF THE CHICAGO CATTLE YARDS.

One of the sights of the great cattle yards of Chicago is an old white ox, named Judas. An ox may rise to eminence by his cunning and wisdom as well as a man, and Judas has risen. He came to the yards a good many years ago, while he was yet a frisky steer and he was immediately purchased by one of the great packing houses and driven from the train which brought him from his Iowa home to a distant yard.

The life of most animals at the cattle yards is very short—a week at the very most. A few days after the arrival of Judas the herd of cattle which occupied the pen with him was selected for killing. The way to the packing house led down a long alleyway with high fences on each side, then up a narrow chute and into the building. For some reason the cattle seem to know what is coming, for they already object to being driven up the chute. Judas was no exception. He plunged madly about among the herd, and the cattlemen had more trouble with him than with any other animal. At last, however, he seemed to realize that sooner or later he must go and he made a virtue of a necessity, trotted quietly up the chute and the other cattle followed rapidly after him. Thus he ran until he had just reached the door of the packing house. Then quick as a wink, he turned and galloped down a side passage and escaped, while the other cattle went onward into the building.

Judas had been so very clever that the good-natured cattlemen let him go for that day, for genius is to be appreciated in a steer as well as in a man. The next day, however, they drove him up again with another herd. This time he made not the slightest objection but trotted forward quietly; and the other steers, having a confident leader, behaved admirably. But, just as Judas reached the door of the building he dodged again, so suddenly that the men couldn't turn him, and escaped as he had done before, while the herd behind him went careering into the killing room.

Since then Judas has been a regular employe of the yards. Every day he leads up a herd of cattle and every day he dodges just at the door of the building. He has saved the cattlemen no end of trouble and delay with riotous herds since he began his service. He has grown fat and sleek on the good living of the yards, and so highly are his services regarded that the cattlemen have provided him with a white blanket on cold days to keep him comfortable.

And thus he is living to a green old age, but he bears the respectable name of Judas—the betrayer.

JEWELERS IN MANILA.

One of the odd features of the Philippines is the jewelers, whose fine skill is marvelous. They are all women, and it is strange that in other lands women have not gone into this, the daintiest and most esthetic of employment. The shops are small and gloomy and the stock displayed is meager and unsatisfactory. But if one wants to buy the jewelers will exhibit such treasures that any pocketbook is too lean to buy all the pretty things desired.

Necklaces of pale pink coral, statuettes of the coral, rosaries with beads exquisite in shape and tint; pendants and chains of pearls, white and pink and yellow—all these are to be seen.

There are a bewilderingly varied lot of garnets shown, blood, orange and yellow, the latter set in silver; silver filigree work is popular and small bowls of mother of pearl. Gold is worked up on pattern like lace. The women buy the crude gold, make their own alloys, draw out the wire thread and beat it with hammers. They are equally skillful with silver and do delicate filigree work, very original and striking.

One woman showed a necklace of blue enameled gold, set with gray pearls, that was a harmony of tints. There are pins, belts and brooches, but few rings. The rings are mostly enameled gold.

Some men would rather have a log than a loving cup.

A UNIQUE CATTLE RANCH.

The important discovery has been made that the thousands of acres of land in Potter county that have been denuded of hemlock make choice pasture for cattle. As an experiment, George E. Brown last spring turned 700 young cattle, purchased in the Buffalo markets, into hemlock "slashing" of about 800 acres, and during the past two weeks he has reaped a profitable harvest from his experiment by shipping his cattle, now sleek and fat, to eastern markets. Their keeping cost him nothing, except the wages of two men, who were employed to keep them from wandering off.

Mr. Brown's unique herding having proven so successful, he has purchased nearly 15,000 acres of "slashings" from the Goodyears, and next spring will treble the number of cattle to be pastured on his novel ranch. Beside the cattle, he will also try sheep, which, it is believed, will thrive equally well. Mr. Brown will first burn over the entire tract and then sow timothy upon the soil. A wire fence will be built about the ranch, thus preventing the cattle from roving into the remote districts. Little of the ranch is level. The valleys are not much else than gulleys, through each of which flows a stream.

Mr. Brown paid but \$1 per per for the land, and his successful experiment in the cattle-grazing business has awakened interest in a vocation that promises to become general throughout the almost abandoned territory where the lumberman and the ax have hewn off the trees.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.

Little Arthur R., while visiting his grandmamma, came screaming from the yard where he was playing and throwing himself into grandmamma's arms sobbed out: "Please, don't let him have me, grandmamma."

"What do you mean, dear? What has frightened you so?" and grandmamma held the quivering child closer to her bosom, fearing he would go into spasms with fright.

"Oh, grandmamma, the old black dog has come for me; mamma said he would if I was bad, and I broke your plate this morning. Oh, don't let him take me, please, don't."

"No, no, darling, he shan't have you; I will hold you tight. Where is he?"

"Out in the yard, quite close to me when I ran to you."

"Well, we will shut the doors and keep him out, and then you can come to the window and show him to me."

Arthur suffered himself to be led to the window, but the sight of the small black dog running around the yard renewed his terror, and grandmamma had to quiet him by assuring him again and again that the dog could not get in while the doors were shut.

After he had slept off some of the effects of his fright, and the dog had been driven out of sight, grandmamma tried to undo the evil wrought by his thoughtless young mother by telling Arthur the dog was too small to carry off such a big three-year-old boy. But it was several days before his nervousness wore away enough to allow him to enjoy a play in the yard unless some one went with him to keep off the black dog.

How many children, like little Arthur R., suffer from the dread of bugbears of every kind that can be imagined by their thoughtless mothers and nurses! Their nerves are injured, and, what is far worse, they lose the sweet faith and trust which is childhood's heritage as soon as they learn they have been deceived. Would it not be much better to retain their loving confidence at any cost? It may take more time and trouble to secure obedience by firm and loving discipline, yet it is much better for both child and parent.—Aunt Jean, in Christian Observer.

Now that there is to be a broom corn corner, consumers may expect to suffer from the sweeping nature of the combine.

There is a difference between a man and a gun. The man goes off to get loaded and the gun gets loaded to go off.

NEW MERCANTILE TAX LAW.

All Merchants Must Pay—None Will Escape Being Assessed.

Merchants will find many radical changes in the matter of mercantile taxes with the beginning of the new year, when the provisions of the new mercantile tax bill passed by the legislature, just prior to the adjournment of that body, will be enforced for the first time.

Under the old act of assembly, which has been in force many years, only those whose annual sales amounted to \$1,000 or over were subject to the payment of a tax, but under the new bill, the one which will soon go into force, there will be no exemption whatever. Every man or woman engaged in business, no matter how small their sales may be, will be compelled to pay tax on the same.

The change is a sweeping one, and as a consequence will add largely to the work of the mercantile appraisers.

Blanks will be printed, a copy of which will be given to each individual, firm or corporation engaged in business in the county, and each will be required to state thereon the whole volume of business which has been transacted during the preceding year, that being the basis upon which each license will be rated.

HUNTINGTON'S WAY.

A few years ago Collis P. Huntington's private secretary, Mr. Miles, asked for an increase of salary.

"Do you need any more money?" asked Mr. Huntington thoughtfully.

"No, sir, I don't exactly need it," replied Mr. Miles, "but still I'd be glad to be getting a little more."

"Ah-hum-m-m," mused his employer, "can you get along without the advance for the present?"

"Oh, yes," answered the secretary, "I guess so," and the matter was dropped. A couple of years later a new boy appeared at the Miles home and the secretary thought the time propitious to renew the application.

"Why, my dear sir," said Mr. Huntington, when he had heard him through, "I raised your salary when you asked me before."

"I never heard anything about it," said the secretary in amazement.

"Probably not," returned Mr. Huntington, "in fact, I used that money to buy a piece of property for you. I'd just let it stand a while if I were you."

Mr. Miles thanked him warmly and retired somewhat mystified. Recently Mr. Huntington called him into his private office.

"By the way, Miles," he said, "I have sold that real estate of yours at a pretty good advance. Here is the check." The amount was \$50,000. The property was part of a large section bought by the railway king as an investment for his wife.

TO MARRY FOURTEEN WOMEN.

Fourteen women, every one of them betrothed to John A. Schmidt, met at the Grand Trunk Station in Chicago last Saturday and awaited the coming of Schmidt. They were wholly unknown to each other, but as their waiting hours passed they confided to each other that they were waiting for their lovers, who were to lie them off to vineyards in California. The similarity of their stories aroused their suspicions, and a comparison of notes developed the fact that they were all there to meet the same Schmidt, and that he had cruelly deceived them all. After a good heart-to-heart talk, and the inevitable cry all around they went to a police station in a body and unbosomed themselves of 14 tales of woe that were painfully alike. Schmidt claimed to be a former Philadelphian. He secured the trunks belonging to some of the women and money from others.

It was a colored preacher who said to his flock:

We have a collection to make dis mo'ning and fo' de sake of your reputation which of you stole Mr. Jones' turkeys, don't put anything on de plate.

One who was there says, Every blessed nigger in the church came wid de rocks.

CORN.

The corn carnival is the great valleys of the West "when the pumpkin and the shock." There neckties in the show corn-husk parasols and the possession of fair drestrians, cornstalk canily swung by prospero, the corn shoes and doll-dren everywhere. The value of corn for house personal adornment has feature of each successful val, and this year's crop totally eclipsed anyth fore witnessed.

But while the carnival sizes the ornamental is an undercurrent of about this adaptation of its by-products that concerns the people the sider might imagine. never used in so many ways for commercial manufacturing purposes as year or two. If we can duce the Europeans to corn for household use manufacture it into dainties of commercial value they must take. This be the trend of thought corn belt, and new discoveries annually new consumptive corn and its products, gradually entering tries that seem far every sense from this the fields. The queer corn hats, dolls and which were made and for celebrating the corn stand in sharp contrast corn oil, corn cakes and ber.

The one hundred odd receipts for using article of food, which experts published ten for the benefit of benig ropeans who did not a this article of food, are portant in increasing sumptive demand as so recent discoveries. for instance, which is from the grain, has a demand in various trade vegetable oils are essen.

Corn rubber is a ne which is substituted rubber in certain lines. This cheap substitute with equal parts of rubber. The corn substitute is taken from fuse of the glucose. About 5 per cent. of the making glucose could nly be utilized, and the seemed absolute. The rubber is manufactured apparent waste, and with pure rubber it pro especially valuable com.

The comparatively ne foods owe their existenc employment of corn in manufacturing purpos them have received tests and the indorseme perts in cattle feeding. oil cake, which is really fuse of factories, contain ment of a high order, properly fed, in conjun other foods, it is of grea the animals and moner pockets of the farmers meal, gluten feed, and are other cattle foods in their origin to the differ tories employed in a corn into products of co and scientific use.

The manufacture of has opened up a whole dustries, and the glucos from corn enters quite ly into the refining of stiles and fruit preserves.

CLERGYMEN LEAD LIFE.

Diagrams prepared by pert for one of the insurance companies to the comparative local clergymen, farmers, lawyers and doctors, 42 out of every 170 min the gospel reach the us. The farmers come ne proportion for 70 years ing 40 out of 170. Next teachers with 34; the show 25, and the doctor with only 24 out of 170. Journal.

A man may not be able a horse, but he can have mare with little or no e